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THE LAY OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent."—St. John, xvii. 3.

THE SAVIOUR.

By the stormy wave of Galilee,
By Jerusalem's stately fane,
Where the snow-clad priests were singing
The shepherd monarch's strain ;
By the rugged mount of Olives,
And in Bethany's low vale,
And where the Jordan murmurs
Of Israel's ancient tale,
Wandered there a lowly Stranger,
He was houseless and alone,
But his voice thrilled every listener,
Strange power was in its tone,
As he whispered, pointing upward,
"My Father's home is there—
"My God has willed me thus to live,
"And a heavy cross to bear."
And the rich man sought to kill him,
Whom the poor man heard with joy,
For he spoke of a rest beyond the grave,
Which no tyrant could destroy ;
And he died this gentle Stranger,
That Sin and Death might die,
And he rose again to teach us
Our Immortality.

THE APOSTLES.

From earth below to heaven above
The Holy One has gone,
And he sitteth now for ever
By the Father's glorious throne ;
And the Father's love clings closer
Than the purple robe of scorn,
And a crown is resting on that brow
Which bled beneath the thorn !
And for ever he is watching,
And pleading for his own,
And for ever leads the pure in heart
Up to the Father's throne.

But ye, your Master's followers,
Take up the cross he bore,
And falter not, and faint not,
Though the burden be so sore.
Ye have to teach the nations
The glad tidings of the word ;
Ye must preach a loving Father,
Ye must preach a risen Lord !
Ye must tell them how the Spirit
Rains its blessings on the poor,
Ye must tell them of a kingdom
That for ever shall endure.

So forth they go, uplifting high
The banner of the cross,
Nor fear they any danger,
Nor shrink from any loss,
But far to east, and far to west,
They speed the message on
Which the Holy God had given by
The ever-blessed Son.
And the false gods of the heathen
All pale and fade away,
Like the visions of the dreamer,
At the rising of the day !

THE CHURCH IN THE SECOND CENTURY.

And like a stately cedar,
On Libanus' high brow,
Stretch wide the young faith's spreading
roots,
Stretch wide each fragrant bough ;
Among its verdant branches
Have the wearied found a rest,
And the sad in heart are comforted,
And the poor and the oppress.

But as droop those cedar branches,
'Neath the hot and deadly blast,
When from Arabia's deserts,
The plague-wind rushes past—
So droops the young faith sickly,
For through its boughs have sighed
The wind of human doctrine,
The breath of priestly pride !

But here a spray, and there a leaf,
Are green and fragrant still,
For the healing of the nations,
As they gather round the hill.
And here and there a voice is heard,
Which whispers as of yore,
"Be one with God, as Christ is one,
"By the heavy cross he bore."

THE ARIANS.

O days of saintly Arius !
O holy hearts and brave !
Who battled for the truth of God,
And the Gospel Jesus gave.
Nicean prelates, do your worst,
Ye cannot stay the true—
And the Arians still are spreading,
They are many who were few.

Our church had saints and prophets,
And to many a savage clan
Went forth the Gospel tidings
Of love to God and man ;
And many a warlike nation
Bowed to the one true God,
And turned in adoration
To the path which Arius trod.

And many an Arian bishop
Left country, kin, and home,
Among the darkened heathen,
For long, long years to roam.
And Ulphilas the holy
Led a pious shepherd band,
Through the Danube's rolling waters,
To the fruitful Mœsian land.
He was the shepherd's pastor,
And when shades of evening fell,
He would lead his flock to drink at
The Christian's living well ;
And tears would steal down swarthy
cheeks

As he told of the Saviour's death,
And bade them keep unstained and pure
The Saviour's blessed faith.

THE DARK AGES.

Again the tide is turning,
Again the sky is black,
Again the ship is labouring,
Again the sails are slack ;
Again the earth-born fancies
Obscure the heaven-sent word,
And the visions of the sophist
Mock the teachings of the Lord.
No voice to cheer, no star to guide,
But silent all and dark,
Save here and there some muttered prayer,
Some faintly-kindled spark,

Where, in lone Alpine valley,
The humble herdsmen raise
The song of heart-felt gratitude
In the Highest Father's praise !
Or where a gentle scholar,
Within his convent cell,
Sees a light illumine the pages
Which of the Saviour tell,
Hears a voice that sounds more sweetly
Than ever the vesper hymn,
For it speaks of a Father, whose tender
love
Can never grow faint or dim.

THE SOCINIANS.

The darkness is the darkest
Where first the light is born,
And the keen air grows the keener,
At the breaking of the morn.
But, see, the sun is rising,
In the splendour of his might !
And the peaks of northern Italy
Are bathed in holy light—
And fair Vicenza catches
The light upon her walls,
And on the plains of Poland
That blessed sunshine falls !
O, band of Polish brethren,
Stand together side by side !
The world is still against you,
In its folly and its pride ;
And still the cruel Calvin
O'ershades the love of God,
And still Servetus' funeral pyre
Makes red Lake Leman's flood.
Ye must dare and ye must suffer,
But ye hear your Master's voice,
And toil grows light, and ye learn how
well
To suffer, and yet rejoice.

MARTYRS IN ENGLAND.

The martyr's stake flames upward
To God's eternal sky ;
And the angels' songs are hushed in awe
At the martyr's agony !
And the blood upon Cranmer's hand
Leaves its dark and ruddy stain—
'Tis fire alone can serve to wash
That red hand white again !
They may find and slay the prophet,
But the truth evades their search ;
And the life-blood of the martyr
Is the seed grain of the Church.
So not in vain, Van Parris,
Didst thou brave the fearful death !
And not in vain, sweet Maid of Kent,
Wast thou girt with the fiery wreath !

For the truth to which ye witnessed
 Grows up in the hearts of men,
 And its tendrils twine round Falkland's
 sword,
 And hang o'er Milton's pen ;
 And it mingles its green with the laurels
 Which cluster round Newton's head,
 And some stray leaves pressed o'er the
 pages of Locke
 Their delicate perfume shed.

THE CHURCH OF TO-DAY.

Two hundred English Churches
 Have broken their iron chain !
 Two hundred English Churches
 Have sprung into light again !
 And heart and voice uniting,
 The grand old faith they own :
 One God the Father—one only God—
 And one Lord, the blessed Son.

And Priestley, and Lindsey, and Lardner
 Are leading our Church's van,
 And if only God be with us,
 What matters the wrath of man ?
 What matter, though Priestley be driven
 To a shelter across the wave ?
 A greater than he has risen
 From the soil of Priestley's grave.

O, Channing, thy words sound bravely,
 Like a message that comes from God ;
 And their echo rings out from those rocky
 coasts
 Which first the pilgrims trod !
 And wherever those words have fallen
 On the hearts of sorrowing men,
 The sad learn hope and the sinful turn
 To their Father once again.

And now, O, brothers, to us, to us
 That torch of truth is given,
 Which the Saviour himself has kindled
 At the altar steps of heaven !
 Which the Lord's Apostles have handed on,
 Which has blazed in the martyr's cell,
 Which has shown the joys of the world
 above,
 Which has chased the glooms of hell !

But ours is now this holy torch,
 Dear Christian brethren all,
 And shall we suffer the sacred charge
 From our feeble grasp to fall ?
 Or shall we not keep it burning
 More brightly than ever before,
 And pray for the day when its light shall
 ray
 From shore to furthest shore ?

RELIGION IN JAPAN.

THE deep interest felt at the presence of the Japanese Ambassadors among us may form a reason for the study of the religion of Japan. A few years ago we were amused to find that the bonzes, as the priests of Japan are called, were petitioning the Emperor to exclude from his dominions the Christian religion as perilous to the souls of his people and the prosperity of the state. We were glad that this priestly interference, so like much we experience in Christendom, was not attended to in heathendom. The above fact is significant that they have a religion, and that they believe their creed is the safer one for souls to adopt who wish to escape the perils of hell and be sure of heaven. Well, it is some merit after all to believe that your religion is the best, and this is the very reason why a reflecting man, a reasonable being, would not be afraid of having his views or his ceremonies confronted with other views and ceremonies. Indeed, we are disposed to doubt the confidence of all who fear to have other views of religion brought into comparison with their own. They may possibly have begun to surmise there is something hollow and untenable in their positions. Be this as it may, the people of Japan are not without religion and its services, of which we shall give a short account. We are principally indebted to the traveller, Englebert Kaempfer, for what we know of the Japanese religion, and it is very likely that their views and religious acts are much the same to-day as when he resided with them, for the eastern mind and life are very conservative. He discovered among the superstitions of that country, and the host of inferior deities a belief, to which we have more than once referred as found among many civilised nations, in one Supreme Being, who inhabits the highest heavens, pure spirit, unseen by mortal eye, and of whom no image, no idol is ever made. He is the "Dai-but," or Great God, as the term means, immortal and immutable ; distinct from all the elements ; he existed before Nature, and is the fountain and foundation of all good. He created the universe, and is infinite and immense.

But this uplifting idea is buried up from the mass of the people by gods many and

lords many. Like other nations, the Japanese have a multitude of inferior deities who exercise dominion over the earth, air, water, the various towns and villages, like the tutelar saints of the Roman Catholic Church. Every trade and profession and event has its god; and in one temple not less than thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three of those images are placed around the altar of the Supreme. The worshippers approach their temples with great reverence, and perform their devotions with becoming solemnity. In the centre of their temples there is generally a large mirror, made of well-polished cast metal, which is designed to represent to the devotees that in like manner as their persons are displayed to them in those mirrors—all their beauties or their blemishes—so their secret soul, and all their virtue of thought and feeling, or all their sinfulness of heart, all things are known to the Supreme God, nothing is hidden from Him; and nothing is covered from the sight of the all-searching eyes of the gods around them.

The temples in Japan are generally built in the suburbs of the town, and are approached through beautiful avenues of cypress trees, with handsome gates. The priests attend to the business of incense and offering, of prayers and decorating the temples with flowers. As all sects have some *great* temple, so the Japanese have the temple of "*Isie*," or "*Dai-singer*, the temple of the great God, to which all are expected at some time or another to make a pilgrimage to fit them for heaven. This temple is surrounded with three hundred small chapels, erected in honour of some of the inferior deities; and every one of those chapels has its own priest. Kaempfer says the pilgrims go on foot to worship at this temple, and the poorer sort beg all the way. They wear very broad-brimmed hats, carry a staff in their hand; and on their return they display a white vestment on which their names are embroidered. The priests give, for a certain sum of money, a box of religious toys to every pilgrim; and those little pieces of wood are regarded as charms by all who have them in their homes. It is almost unnecessary to say that this system of religion has its monks, nuns, different orders and superstitions, as plentiful as the Roman Catholic Church.

The Jesuits made swift headway in Japan in the seventeenth century, for here were all the elements that only needed a new name. But those daring intriguers, who were soon at their political game, and being discovered subverting the Government for their nefarious ends, upwards of twenty thousand of them and their converts were put to death in 1590, and all Christians forbidden in future to put foot in Japan.

This system of Japanese religion very probably owes its origin to India and the ideas and rites which have been carried from the mainland of China, and which came to China from Indian sources. We are told that, like the Buddhists, they have a Pope, or ecclesiastical sovereign, called by the Japanese "*the Dairi*." He is the head of all the religious orders or different sects of Japan, and resides at Miaco. He is regarded as a sacred person, and is never permitted to touch the ground with his feet. His guards carry him upon their shoulders. The dressing of his hair, beard, nails, &c., is always done when he is asleep, so that he may not feel scandalised by any one touching his sacred person. Every implement and dish once used at his table must never be used again, but be broken and destroyed, for there is a superstition that it would be wrong to make common anything once favoured by his service. He is Pope and infallible to all the religious people; yet in these degenerate times, like his Holiness at Rome, he is subordinate to the monarch of Japan. This important fact gives some hope that Christianity may again be introduced and win its way by its simplicity and purity among the Japanese. We hear that the Government of Japan has not only refused to listen to the priests against the Christian missionaries, but are contemplating some great religious changes. We shall give more details of the religion of Japan in our next number.

HOW TO TRAIN UP A CHILD.

THIS is a matter of deep and lively interest to every true parent and every judicious instructor of youth. It is a matter, too, not merely of occasional, but of permanent and general interest. This being so, we ask the attention of the readers of the FREEMAN to a few remarks on this sub-

ject. How to train up a child! The word "train" seems to be the most appropriate here; it describes correctly the process of education—for all true education is training, culture, development. The object of the educator is to train the individual, and he who is the best trainer is also the best educator. His work is simply to train the mental faculties, direct them to their appropriate objects, supply in the shape of various instruction the aliment necessary to nourish them, and assist the learner to use his faculties and means of information wisely. He should aid the learner to estimate justly his mental gifts, to understand himself and what else is needful for him to know, and thus equip him by mental discipline for taking up his position in the world, and discharging his part worthily in the great battle of life. To educate, then, is not merely to cram the memory with names, and dates, and words—the dry, hard facts of knowledge. True, the work of educating consists partly in supplying these materials, but still more does it consist in aiding youth to assimilate them, to appreciate their value and apply them to proper use in the economy of life. To educate, in the full sense of the term, is to train the understanding, the affections, the esthetic faculty, the moral element, and the spiritual part of our nature.

The first question that occurs is—Where should be the starting point in this work of training and development? What should we aim to cultivate first? We answer, the affections; because the affectional part of our nature is the first to manifest itself. The child begins to love before it begins to reason. It recognises those who treat it kindly, and loves them for the kindness they bestow. Here is the foundation of the whole work of education. At all times we should treat a child kindly—not with weak indulgence, but with patient uniform kindness, and it will certainly reward us with sincere and hearty love. Excite the child's admiration for what is worthy and good, and its dislike for what is wrong and bad; appeal to the tender sensibilities and sympathies of its nature, call forth the sentiments of compassion, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, and love. Do this by bringing the child in frequent contact with whatever is naturally calculated to awaken emotions of pity, reverence, love, and veneration, as examples of unmerited suffer-

ing, patient endurance, resolute perseverance, or noble self-denial. A child must expend its love on some objects, and these are worthy for its affections to cherish.

Next the educator should seek to train the understanding. How? By submitting to it the means of information, the sources of knowledge, as contained in the various branches of study; and aiding the learner to estimate justly the facts of nature, history, science, art, human life, and character, as these are presented in the students' course of learning. Especially should the teacher assist the learner to discriminate between the true and the false, the real and the unreal; to weigh evidence, estimate facts, their mutual bearing, accord or conflict; to distinguish points of contrast, comparison, or resemblance in the facts submitted; to draw just inferences from given premises, and so guide him to right and sound conclusions on questions of evidence and statement of fact. To direct the judgment thus and help the learner to apply the knowledge he acquires to its proper purpose, and use it wisely in the business and affairs of life, is a principal object of education, and should never be lost sight of by the teacher of youth.

Again the educator should train the esthetic faculty or taste to the perception and appreciation of the beautiful and the true in works of art. He should aim to develop the love of beauty and the love of harmony—harmony of colour, proportion, sound; and enable the learner to distinguish and appreciate accordingly the meretricious and the real in art productions. The result of such training will be to enable the learner to discriminate between true poetry and mere rhyme—between a correct and natural style of writing, and a negligent or inflated style—between music and mere noise—between a drawing correct in outline, filling up, and perspective, and another at fault in one or more of these particulars. To train the taste thus is an important part of education. A correct taste has a strong tendency to produce delicacy of perception, refinement of feeling, purity of sentiment, an elevated tone of mind, and just appreciation of whatever is calculated to adorn and beautify our earthly existence.

Further, the educator should aim to train *the will* to act promptly, and resolutely on the decisions of the judgment. This, too,

is a matter of great consequence. The difference between many men, some of whom succeed and others fail, is owing more to their relative strength of will than to any thing else. The man of energetic will conquers, while the man of vacillating will succumbs. The teacher should consider what kind of will he has to deal with in a particular case. He should aim to strengthen a feeble will, and to give self restraint to one of a rash headstrong will. He should encourage decision of character in the vacillating, and caution in the impetuous.

Then there is the moral element in our nature—the *conscience*. This the educator should endeavour to train to a state of sensitiveness to a keen appreciation of all moral issues and distinctions—to a correct estimate of all questions of right or wrong. He should aim to develop the sentiment of conscientiousness, help it to acquire its just authority as the divine voice within us, and the leading faculty of our higher nature. Especially should he point out the important fact, that conscience will lead us aright in the degree that it is enlightened by sound knowledge, and a correct judgment—that an ignorant conscience will often lead us astray, but a wise and instructed conscience will be a safe guide.

Intimately related with the moral is the *religious or spiritual nature*—that part of our being which is in closest affinity with God and divine things, which finds expression in worship, reverence, faith, penitence, and immortal hope. The task of the educator is to train this faculty, and lead it to the recognition of its proper object—the Supreme goodness, the Supreme wisdom—God. He should encourage the learner to cherish faith, and trust in the Divine Being and in the laws of his natural and moral providence.

Thus education through all its several stages is best described by one word, *training*. The materials which the educator has to deal with are the various faculties of our nature, and the task he has to perform is to train these by a wise discipline to their full growth and development. What he has to aim at, as the result of all his labours, is to produce a highly cultured nature, a symmetrical character—a balanced and harmoniously developed mind, of all earthly blessings the greatest, of all attainments the most precious. C.F. Biss.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

SOME of the over-confident Materialists of our day tell us that science will soon pronounce man's faith in God and in immortality mere dreams and fancies of the world's childhood. If science ever says anything of the kind, so much the worse for science. The facts remain the same, whether the science which is for ever looking earthward can see them or not. There are some things in this God's world of ours which do not depend upon popular recognition or majority of votes. Some of the teachers of our time having discovered that Christianity is moribund, are trying to persuade the world to accept in its place a nice little invention of their own, which they call the religion of science. They naturally advertise this production vigorously, but they do not make much headway. It happens that, in the nature of things, their religion is popular among precisely those who do not care much about any religion. It appeals to those who are "of the earth, earthly," and whose dissatisfaction with the existing state of things arises chiefly from their desire for a larger share of the things which worldly and unspiritual people prize most—worldly wealth, power, and enjoyment.

Then as to science, if these people knew much about it they would know something of its true place and value in culture and in the economy of life. They would not be over-borne and swamped, as they are now, by their puny conceptions and misconceptions of the rudiments of science. By all means let any who has nothing better to do try fully whether he can find at the point of the scalpel any proof of man's immortality, or find out the right chemical combinations of certain fluids so that they will precipitate evidence of the being of God which can be taken up between the philosopher's finger and thumb and weighed in his scales. But it would be the last degree of absurdity to suppose that anything vital in religion or in spiritual things depends upon the result of such studies and experiments. They may lead to valuable discoveries as to the properties of matter, though even in this field the students would accomplish much more if they knew something about spirit and the dependence of matter upon it. But as these studies are now pursued by these self-ordained apostles of science, they lead

them farther and farther away from the truth. There is no direct relation between the subjects which they examine and the class of faculties which they employ. It is the same as if they were trying to see with their ears, or hear with their eyes.

Before they find out much about the real nature of man they will have to take up again and cultivate that humility which they have thrown away as something unmanly and contemptible. They will have to renounce their unholy individualism and study man's nature as it is revealed in those spiritual relations which bind all men together in one great body. There are valuable things to be learned by religious experience, by the revelations which the co-operant heavens hold ever ready for a consecrated spirit, which no mere intellectual endeavour can ever reach. "The pure in heart shall see God."

Then, as to science itself and the mere intellectual activity concerned with matter, our friends of the new religion are wrong. Their methods, even for these objects, are false. They have begun at the wrong end. The key of the universe is in the human soul. But they look dustward so long that their spiritual faculties decay for want of exercise. The curse that always falls upon unused powers has overtaken them. Their inner vision is darkened, and they are blind to the perpetual revelation of Himself which God makes in the changeless varieties of the soul of man. So they approach even the mysteries of the material world from the wrong side, and spell all nature's divine revelation backward. — *Liberal Christian.*

A BEAUTIFUL PARABLE.

A RICH young man of Rome had been suffering from severe illness, but at length he was cured, and recovered his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, and felt as if he were newly born. Full of joy, he praised God aloud. He turned his face up toward heaven, and said, "Oh, thou Almighty Giver of all blessings, if a human being could in any way repay thee, how willingly would I give up all my wealth!" Hermas the shepherd listened to these words, and he said to the rich young man, "All good

gifts come from above; thou canst not send anything thither. Come, follow me." The youth followed the pious old man. They came to a dark hovel, where there was nothing but misery and lamentation; for the father lay sick, and the mother wept, whilst the children stood round naked and crying for bread. Then the young man was shocked at the scene of distress. But Hermas said, "Behold here an altar for thy sacrifice! Behold here the brethren and representatives of the Lord!" The rich young man then opened his hands, and gave freely and richly to them of his wealth, and tended the sick man. And the poor people, relieved and comforted, blessed him, and called him an angel of God. Hermas smiled and said, "Ever thus turn thy grateful looks first toward heaven and then to earth."

A MOTHER'S HYMN.

My child is lying on my knees ;

The signs of Heaven she reads ;

My face is all the Heaven she sees—

Is all the Heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss,

If Heaven is in my face—

Behind it is all tenderness,

And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly—

Unchanged and changing mood—

My life would go without a sigh,

To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I

Am ignorant and weak ;

I gaze upon the starry sky,

And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky,

Behind the world so broad,

Behind men's hearts and souls, doth lie

The Infinite of God.

If true to her, though troubled sore

I cannot choose but be,

Thou who art peace for evermore,

Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring

More love where need is rife ;

Thou knowest what an awful thing

It is to be a life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap

My waywardness about,

In doubting safety on the lap

Of love that knows no doubt ?

Lo ! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,

My child upon my knee ;

She looketh up unto my face,

And I look up to Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



UNITARIAN CHURCH, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

UNITARIAN CHURCH, ADELAIDE,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

On the 11th July, 1854, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Pirie-street, Adelaide, a meeting of the Unitarian Christians of South Australia was held, at which twelve persons were present. This meeting was called by public advertisement. They passed a resolution expressing their opinion that the time had fully arrived for establishing a Unitarian congregation in Adelaide, and that it is desirable to raise a subscription guaranteed for three years to pay the salary of a minister, which should not be less than £400 a year. On the 14th of August a meeting of the subscribers was held, at which a resolution was passed appointing a committee of five to arrange a plan for sending for a minister, and submit the same to an adjournment of this meeting to be held on the 21st of August.

On that day they agreed to pay up half a year's subscription at once, and sent £200 to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, with this resolution:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the minister suitable for the wants of this congregation should be well educated in the usual studies of our Unitarian colleges; he should be energetic in his habits of body and mind, and able, from his superior intellectual acquirements, to take a high standing amongst his reverend compeers in the colony; he should have such pulpit talents as may command the attendance of that numerous class who attend no public worship from the difficulty of finding the rational principles of Christianity treated after a manner which commends itself to their sense and judgment."

At a committee held July 2nd, 1855, a letter in reply to the foregoing was read from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, acknowledging ours of the 20th Sept, 1854, and informing us that the Rev. J. C. Woods, of Newport, Isle of Wight, had been appointed our minister, and the committee ordered this fact to be announced in the local newspapers.

Sept. 5.—A committee was held, at which another letter was read, announcing that Mr. Woods had sailed May 20th, and the chairman was requested to look out for an apartment to be used as a temporary place of worship.

Sept. 13.—A general meeting of the congregation was held, attended by thirteen members, at which the arrival of Mr. Woods was stated as daily to be expected, and they authorised the committee to make arrangements with Mr. Green for the use of his land mart as a place of meeting.

Mr. Woods arrived on the 19th, and at a committee held on the 21st it was reported that Mr. Green had let the mart for one year at one guinea a week, and a resolution was passed that a general meeting of the congregation should be held on the 26th to meet Mr. Woods. That meeting was held, and was attended by sixteen members. Mr. Woods was introduced, and read a letter from the Secretary of the Southern Unitarian Fund Society, expressing their sympathy with us in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, which we heard with much satisfaction. It was agreed that one service only on Sunday should be celebrated for the present, at eleven o'clock a.m., and that the course of service should be such as Mr. Woods was accustomed to.

At a general meeting held Nov. 5th, 1855, it was resolved that evening service should be held every Sunday. At a committee held Nov. 25th, it was arranged that a monthly collection should be made after both services by a plate being held at the door, and that a subscription be entered into for the purchase of a communion service. All through 1856 the subject of finding a suitable block of land and plans for building a church engaged the attention of the committee. By October the site was fixed on, and the foundation-stone of the church was laid on the 23rd of December, 1856, by John Baker, Esq., J.P., M.L.C., who died this year, 1872. Mr. Baker delivered an able speech on the occasion to a large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the ceremony. The Rev. J. C. Woods gave an exposition of the principles of the new church, and concluded with prayer.

A social meeting followed, when 200 sat down to tea. Several excellent speeches were made, one speaker remarking that a year and a-half ago only twelve Unitarians avowed themselves as supporters of a congregation in South Australia, and that now 200 persons were earnest in the cause. The church was opened for divine worship on Sunday, July 5th, 1857, when

there were large congregations present at morning and evening services, and liberal collections were made. Since that time the congregation has been in a healthy and prosperous condition. Sunday-schools and a Mutual Improvement Society have been established. A good feeling has constantly existed between the minister and the congregation, and the tone of liberality of other denominations towards Unitarians has gradually and greatly improved. A vestry and committee-room have been added to the church building, which now accommodates nearly 400, and the regular attendance at the morning service is always good. There is an evening service, but not so well attended. A few years ago the Church received an accession of a considerable number of German colonists, who are both zealous and intelligent.

On Sunday, Dec. 24th, 1865, a branch church was opened for Unitarian Christian worship at Shady Grove, near Hahndorf, about twenty-three miles from Adelaide. The opening service was preached by the Rev. J. C. Woods, B.A., and divine service has been regularly conducted there since by Francis Duffield, Esq.

OBJECT OF PUNISHMENT.

ANY information on the subject of punishment must prove acceptable, and that got from the new science of philology cannot help being interesting. Let us dig up a few fossils from the strata of language, examine them, and ascertain what light they bring down from their far distant source. Here is the root *pre* to begin with, a Sanscrit root, and meaning *to make clean, to purify*. From this we have in Greek, *pur*, fire, the great purifying element. In Latin we have *pu-rus*, clean; and from this we have in English *pure*, and cognate with it the Welsh *pur*. From *purus*, we have also *purgo* (Latin), I make pure, and from this last, *purge*, with its compounds, among them *purgatory*, the great purifying establishment of the Roman Catholics. Formed also from *pu*, we have *punish* (Latin, *punire*, French, *punir*), and *poena* (Latin), the means of purifying or acquitting, penalty; Greek *poire*, Welsh, *poer*, and English, *pain*, *penal*, *penance*, *penitent*, come all indirectly from the same source, *pu*. The idea here is that all punishment is remedial.

THE REJECTED STONE.

THERE is a story grand and old,
By ancient Jewish rabbis told,
When Solomon the temple reared,
To worship God, whom Israel feared,
They cut the stone in beauteous blocks,
From distant mountain's rugged rocks,
And every one, both large and small,
Was shaped and marked to fit the wall.

Of all the stones the masons made,
Each fit its place and so were laid,
Except one strangely fashioned stone
Of curious shape—the builder's own—
They tried and tried to find the spot
To place this stone, but found it not;
So, vexed, they cast the stone away,
And worked away, the rabbis say.

For years and years the Temple grew,
And reared its stately head to view;
But still the stone rejected lay,
Laughed at by all who passed that way;
And grass and weeds grew up around,
And mosses hid its beauteous brown.
Each builder as he passed that way,
Spurned it as it rejected lay.

After years of toil, the rabbis say,
The master-mason came one day.
"The stones are cut and fitted all,"
Said he, "to build this mighty wall;
There lacks not one, from base to dome,
To finish all; so I'll go home
To ancient Tyre, there to die,
And you can rear these walls on high."

And so he left and went his way,
And still the stone rejected lay.
The temple had grand and stately grown,
And all was done except the dome.
"The 'chief top stone,'" the builders said,
"Completes the temple when 'tis laid."
So on a grand eventful day
All Israel came this stone to lay.

King Solomon in all his pride,
Stood by the master-builder's side:
"Ho, workmen, bring the topmost stone,"
Said he, "to cap yon stately dome;
And then let mighty Israel greet
With psalm and trump the work complete—
A temple built to Israel's God
On holy ground where David trod."

The workmen search the building 'round,
And all about the temple ground,
But find no stone the dome to rear,
And tell the king the news with fear.
"Go search the quarry," the king replied,
"The stone is made, or 'Hiram' lied."
So the workmen went, and came anon,
And told the king the stone was gone.

"This is a bad omen," the rabbis say,
"The top stone should be laid to-day,
And the temple opened ere the feast,
As ordered by our grand high priest."
Then an old gray-haired man
Uprose, and raised his trembling hand,
And asked permission words to say
He thought would please the king that day.

"O king, I know that thou art wise,
And nothing made we should despise ;
But yet one stone was thrown away
As worthless trash, and now doth lay
Beyond the temple's mighty wall,
Scoffed at, and despised by all.
O king, perhaps this mossy stone
Might fit the temple's stately dome ! "
"Hasten, O workmen," cried the king,
"The long rejected stone to bring."
And so the stone was brought that day,
And scraped, and cleaned, the rabbis say,
And raised up to the topmost place,
And all the temple crowned with grace ;
And so that stone so long despised
Became the capstone Israel prized.

THE BALANCE SHEET.

It has been the custom of the wisest men of all times to carefully consider the arguments for and against every important position they assume. This we confess was the process we went through in our conversion to Unitarianism. Every reason and text of Scripture were carefully weighed, and set against each other, and then the evidence in favour of Unitarianism was striking and conclusive. We have just been favoured by another balance-sheet from Dr. Le Fevre, on the subject of man's destiny, in which by a balance of argument he has adopted the views of universal restoration of all men to holiness and happiness. But we shall let him speak for himself.

"It is admitted by the most strenuous opposers of Universalism that it is a doctrine congenial with the finest and holiest feelings of the human heart. So true is this observation that we never yet met a person who was sufficiently hardy to affirm that he desired the eternal misery of any human being. It is again admitted that, if it were consonant to God's will, it would be a very happyfying and glorious doctrine. It is farther admitted by the candid opposer that there are a great many passages in Scripture which do lead to the establishment of the belief, that 'an end shall be made of sin, transgression finished, and an everlasting righteousness brought in.' That the promises may bear that construction, that it may be inferred from the expression, that Christ is 'the Saviour of the world,' that the world will be saved, and that 'in the dispensation of the fulness of times God will gather together in one all things, whether they be things in heaven or things on earth, even in Christ.' A great variety of other passages might be

selected, in which all are willing to concede that the ultimate holiness and happiness of the human race may plausibly be predicated. Lastly, it is generally admitted that such a consummation would well harmonise with the divine attributes ; for if God would make all perfectly holy and happy, it would be a most glorious display of power, wisdom, and love. These are admissions in favour of universal salvation which few will hesitate to make.

"Let us see what admission can be made in favour of endless misery. The most that can be said is that there are certain passages of Scripture which may be construed so as to teach it. The strongest of these are purely figurative, being found in the parable of the 'sheep and goats,' the 'rich man and Lazarus,' and other equally indefinite. On the principles of reason, aside from Scripture, we cannot offer any reason for the admission of the doctrine, for we have never met with any that could bear examination. It is equally difficult to show its accordance with the divine attributes, and the most reliance that can be placed on any is that of the justice of God. We have made the admission in favour of endless misery.

"It remains for us now to cast up the accounts, and then strike the balance.

Universalism. Cr. Argument

By all the holiest, purest, and most benevolent feelings of the heart	- 1
"Its harmony with the will, purpose and design of Deity	- 1
"The numerous passages of Scripture which plainly teach it	- 1
"The promises	- 1
"The mission of Christ for that purpose	1
"The principles of sound reason	- 1
"The attributes of God's power, wisdom, mercy, and love	- 1
	<hr/> 7

Endless Misery. Cr.

By certain figurative expressions	- 1
"The justice of God, as opposed to his power, wisdom, mercy, and love	1
	<hr/> 2

We can now see how the balance stands	<hr/> —
Balance	- 5

"We are often admonished to be on the safe side. The advice is good, and we have made this estimate, that there may be 'no mistake' in this matter."

JILTING A CHURCH.

"The flock and not the fleece ought to be the object of the shepherd's care."

THE Rev. Lyman Abbott has not sat down among the people these last few years for nothing. He has been a keen observer of the ways and methods of clergymen as well as church members, and the habit of ministers who flirt with various church committees, and end by jilting the whole of them except that one that offers the largest salary, is made the subject of pretty sharp satire in the following article:—

Wheathedge is in a fever of excitement—not a very agreeable excitement. Disappointment and anger are curiously commingled. Little knots of men and women gathered, after church on Sunday, in excited discussions. A bystander might overhear in these conferences such phrases dropped as "Shameful!" "It's too bad," "If he is that sort of man, it's very fortunate we did not get him," "I have no faith in ministers," and the like. Do you ask what is the matter? We have been jilted.

I will not give names, at least not the true ones; for I have no inclination to involve myself in a newspaper controversy, and none to injure the prospects of a young man who possesses qualities which fit him for abundant usefulness, if vanity and thoughtlessness do not make shipwreck of him.

For six months now we have been without a pastor. We are hard to suit. Mr. Wheaton was right. Wheathedge is a peculiar place, and requires a peculiar man. But about six weeks ago there came along a very peculiar man. He seemed to be just adapted to the place; he was fresh from the seminary; he had a wife, but no children; he was full of enthusiasm. As a preacher he was free from conventionalism, bright, sparkling, brilliant; more brilliant than warm. In private life he was social, genial, unministerial. Old Aunt Sue did, indeed, complain that when he called he did not offer to pray with her. And good old Father Haines said he wished that there was less poetry and more Christ in his sermons. But neither did old Aunt Sue nor old Father Haines contribute much to the church, and their criticism did nothing to abate the general enthusiasm. Mr. Wheaton said he was

just the man, and promised to double his subscription, if necessary, to get him. Deacon Goodsole was scarcely less enthusiastic. I did not think there was a dissenting voice among the ladies, and the young folks were absolutely unanimous.

"If we only get Mr. Uncannon," said Mr. Wheaton to me one morning, as we rode to the city in the train together, "in three weeks we will drain the Methodist Church dry of its young folks."

Personally I have no taste for foraging in other men's fields, but I knew that Mr. Wheaton would not appreciate my sentiments, and so I kept silence.

Mr. Uncannon preached for us two sabbaths. He spent the intervening week in Wheathedge. He visited, with Deacon Goodsole, most of the leading families. He stopped at Mr. Wheaton's. If they had been charmed with him in the pulpit, they were delighted with him in the parlour. The second Sabbath I do not think there would have been a dissenting voice to the call.

There was only one difficulty. It was considered very doubtful if we could get him. The doubt I undertook to solve.

Monday he returned to the city. I went down on the same train, and took occasion to fall into conversation with him. I told him frankly the state of feeling. I represented that it was very desirable that the matter should go no farther unless there was a prospect that he would consider favourably a call if it were given him. He replied with equal frankness. He said that he was delighted with the place and with the people. He wanted to come—there was only one obstacle—he understood that we paid our former pastor only £250 a year; he could not undertake to live on that.

"In fact," said he, "they want me very much at North Bizzy. They pay there £300 a year. It is a manufacturing town. I do not think either the society or the work would be as congenial as in Wheathedge. I like the quiet of your rural parish; I appreciate the advantages it would afford me for study. But £50 is a good deal of money. I do not want to be mercenary, but I do not want to be pinched."

I assured him that no such difficulty should stand in his way. When I returned I found he had expressed the same sen-

timents to Deacon Goodsole and Mr. Wheaton. We all agreed that we would do as well as North Bizzy. So we gave him a call at £300. Possibly we presumed too much; but we generally considered it as good as settled.

The Sabbath after the call he came to Wheathedge. This time he brought his young wife with him. The ladies were more charmed than ever. All Wheathedge turned out to see and hear our new minister. He remained over to our weekly prayer meeting. It was astonishing what a spirit of devotion was awakened in our church. I have never seen the prayer-meeting so fully attended. He and his wife were tireless in the praises of the beautiful Wheathedge. "It is just the place," said Mrs. Uncannon, "in which I should choose to spend my days." Of course this saying was repeated all over the parish, and this evidence of her appreciative taste increased very measurably her own and husband's popularity.

He went away Thursday morning without giving a final and definite answer; Deacon Goodsole indeed asking him point blank for one. He replied that though his mind was made up, still he felt that so solemn a connection ought not to be made without a prayerful consideration. This was all very proper. We waited with patience till this decorous delay should be over. But we already considered him our pastor.

It was the next week that Deacon Goodsole came into my house one evening, in a state of great excitement. "Look there," said he, "the church at North Bizzy is trying to get our minister away from us." The letter was from Mr. Uncannon. It was to the effect that the church at North Bizzy were taking measures to secure a parsonage. He preferred to come to Wheathedge, but he did not know what to do for a house. There had been, he believed, some talk of building a parsonage at Wheathedge. He felt very desirous to take his bride to her "home,"—not to depend on boarding houses or landlords. If this could be provided, he thought it would settle the question; for both he and his wife infinitely preferred the "clear air and sunny skies, and grand old mountains, and glorious river basking in the golden sunlight," and so forth, to the dust and soot and noise of man's busy but dirty industry.

"Very well," said I. "I do not care to bid against the church at North Bizzy. But I have always wanted a parsonage at Wheathedge. I will be one of five to pay the rent for this year, and one of ten to bid next year."

Deacon Goodsole started a subscription paper on the spot. In a few days we had secured a house for the year and money enough to make our building operations certain. The deacon wrote Mr. Uncannon accordingly. We expected his answer forthwith, and his arrival soon after. Wheathedge was at last satisfied.

Imagine then, if you can, the chagrin and disappointment when, last Sunday morning, a letter was read from Mr. Uncannon to Mr. James Wheaton, chairman of the board of trustees, declining the call. Mr. Uncannon had given it his most prayerful consideration. He was deeply moved by the warm welcome which had been accorded to him. He had hoped that the Lord would make it plain that it was to be his privilege to cast in his lot with us. But the Lord had ordered it otherwise. The providential indications seemed to him clear that it was his duty to labour in another field. But he united his prayers with ours that the great bishop would send us a pastor who should feed us with the bread of life.

Deacon Goodsole says the providential indications are a salary of £350 and a parsonage; and Mr. Wheaton says if any other young man succeeds in playing us off against a rival parish he is mistaken; that's all. Even gentle Jennie is indignant. "Of all flirtations, ministerial flirtation seems to me to be the worst," she says; and truth to tell, she never had much patience with any other.

I do not want to judge Mr. Uncannon too harshly. In fact, I am not in a very judicial frame of mind. But, whatever his intent, his ministerial coquetry has injured the cause of Christ in Wheathedge more than a year of preaching can benefit it in North Bizzy. Meanwhile, the parsonage which we hired lies vacant on our hands, and waits for an occupant. We may well wish for more and better labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, who themselves seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness; and then "the flock and not the fleece will be the object of the shepherd's care."

A SUNDAY WITH THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.

THEY are intelligent and inquisitive men, quite above the average of even intelligent Englishmen; and they are here to carry home particulars about agriculture, pottery, printing, weaving, mining, and all our different arts. The boys who have been sent before them to our schools in London have already signalled themselves by carrying off some of the best prizes at our public examinations, and have won the admiration of scholars. It is said that the Mikado, or Monarch of Japan, is desirous to know something more about the religion of the English people, for some changes are already contemplated in the Sintoism and Budsoism of Japan. We can easily imagine that our presentation of religion will be far from simple, easy, and useful to them by the experience of one Sunday which may realise the following confusion. The Japanese Ambassadors undoubtedly feel, as we have many different churches, they would like to have the experience of a service at a few. With their guide, we suppose them to enter a Roman Catholic chapel, and the Virgin Mary is the object of prayer during their visit; this will lead them to suppose the Christian's God is a woman. They enlarge their experience of our worship and hear a clergyman of the Established Church praying "Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons in one God, have mercy upon us." Naturally they ask the guide if this is a different God from the Virgin Mary, and are answered, "Yes." They enter a Methodist chapel, and listen to a prayer to Jesus Christ, who died and rose again from the dead. This leads them to question their guide about the person of Christ; then they discover that this is the third object of worship they have heard addressed. We may suppose them now entering either an Independent or Unitarian chapel, and then they hear the Almighty God or Everlasting Father addressed in prayer; this to them sounds novel, and they desire of their guide to be informed if those words represent either of the former three objects of prayers; and they are told "No." Surely, then, they would conclude that in Christian England we have at least *four*, and perhaps more, beings whom we worship in our public service. This would

certainly be to be misinformed about Christianity, however correct it may be of the present state of worship in every town and city of England at the present time. Can nothing be done to save such a false impression of the religion of Him who said, "The true worshippers shall worship the Father?"

But let us accompany them again on a discovery equally as pernicious as the former. We join a party of parents and others entering the Church to have their children baptised. We stand round the font, and we hear the godfathers and godmothers promise what they will do for these children. Our Japanese visitors are delighted with the apparent sincerity and benevolence of others than the parents promising so much attention to the children. They feel sure that no children can be neglected in this Christian England. We are bound to be honest with our foreign visitors, and tell them this is a form the Church demands of godfathers and godmothers, and that the people round the font were possibly just engaged for the occasion, and might never see the children again. It was a mere form, as empty of good as any form could be. And the clergyman was aware of this. This would rather stagger our Japanese. We go into church and sit down, and we hear the Athanasian Creed, which greatly exercises the metaphysical faculties of those Eastern heathens. They ask us to explain "how three can be one, and one three, and all equally infinite." We tell them it cannot be explained—it is above knowledge, reason, and everything, and a sad puzzle to the most intelligent Churchman. Then they refer to the damnation pronounced upon all who do not sincerely believe this. We tell them that the whole thing is only "a form," that the priest and the people do not know what the creed means, nor do they believe that any one will be lost for not believing it. The Japanese all look puzzled, and say, "a form," "a form," "what does that mean?" "we shall look at our English dictionaries for "a form" when we return to our lodgings. Before leaving the church we all ramble round the graveyard, and then draw near where a funeral service is being performed. All listen with devout attention, and rejoice in the words, "We commit his body to the ground in sure and certain hope of the

resurrection to eternal life." Our foreign visitors begin to say as we walk along that he must have been a good man of whom the priest had such hope. We say that the priest probably knew nothing of the man more than they do, and that this is also "a form" repeated often by our priests over the dead they know have not led good lives. That although we have a firm hope in the resurrection to eternal life of all the children of the infinite God, and might be able to repeat those words, the majority of the clergymen of our churches have no such hope. Our Japanese inquirers would now have food for serious thought gathered up by the experiences of attending to our religious services. And who can say they have not already been made aware of the immense antagonism, even on this all-important topic of the object of worship; also the painful and disgraceful insincerity every Sunday perpetuated through established forms. Every Unitarian and truly Christian man has surely a great work prescribed to him in the reformation of religion—the restoration of Christianity to its primitive simplicity, sincerity, and godliness.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Its title is its condemnation. It is a presumption of something which is not true. Opinion, whether religious or secular, of necessity changes and grows with the growth of the ever-growing tree of knowledge and the ever increasing sum of human experience: and therefore it is utterly impossible to establish it by law or to settle it by decree. You may as well try, in spite of propelling and attracting forces, to define—as in a mould—the ocean's brink. As the latter is manifestly impossible, so also is the former. The doctrines established years ago, though then perhaps generally received, are now altogether out of joint with the world's best thought. And how else can it possibly be? New and powerful light has been thrown upon the biblical page, and what was once thought beautiful and valuable is now discovered to be nothing better than the phosphorescence which lies upon the surface, and hides the more valuable pearl beneath.

The friends of the establishment, becoming sensible of the position, are trying

to patch up, mend, and reform; but the case is hopeless, and the effort will be in vain. Suppose it were possible, on every conceivable subject, to set the Church in perfect harmony with modern thought. What then? Why the very light to which we have alluded is growing every day stronger and stronger, purer and more pure; and, hence, therefore, even modern thought itself—with all its brilliancy and its power, with all its grandeur and its depth—shall yet become antiquated and old-fashioned. As the notions of years ago have given place to the notions of to-day, so the notions of to-day shall yet give place to those of years to come. Indeed, development is the eternal plan of God. Thought marches onward, gathering strength as it goes. The spirit now permeating the age is yet destined to lead us into all truth. Therefore mending, patching, and reforming are valueless. The establishment, at foundation, is false: it totters, and, we believe, must fall.

Nothing must be allowed to stand between the free and unfettered soul of man and the infinitely free and unfettered Spirit of God. And everything that checks the exploring mind in its searches for glories and beauties as yet unknown must be destroyed both root and branch. To establish and to decree are to say here thou mayest go, but no further. This, however, is stagnation and death. When time no longer rolls the soul shall yet expand. Why, then, cramp its present growth or check its power to live?

To the friends of this system we would say: It is no use sending for the physician to avert the calamity that must inevitably befall: rather let us amputate the limb, and set the body free. Though we do not agree with the theological status of the Church as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, yet we think that its hands should be unmanacled and its heart unbound. And if there be any truth as yet ungrasped by us and them, we have no desire to take it exclusively into our own hands. Indeed, in this we would be thoroughly communistic. It was intended by the good God for the common weal of all. Therefore we say: Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O, captive daughter of Zion. In the religious world, as in other things, our motto shall ever be: a fair field and no favour.

F. SUMMERS.

NOTICE.

The address of the Editor is, now, Rev. Robert Spears, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A CROWN OF THORNS.—The *Christian Register*, commenting on the fact that some Parisian ladies had sent Pius IX. a crown of thorns in massive gold, says:—"Many Protestants would not object to endure the same kind of costly martyrdom."

CANDID.—"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bell begins to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

NOT IMPROVING.—Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown. "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

HOPEFUL.—The *London Echo* says:—"Every day's conversation with the rising school of educated young Roman Catholics convinces me that another generation will see a great falling away from the ranks of Rome in Ireland, and that all the ultramontane universities in the world will not attract the intelligence of the country. Cullenisation has had its day, it is now the innings of a liberal education."

SABBATARIANISM.—Ultra Sabbatarianism is by no means extinct in Scotland. The *Glasgow Star* tells us that a minister near Largo refused to baptise the child of some parents who sold milk on Sundays. Perhaps it did not strike the worthy pastor that cows produce milk on Sundays as well as on week days, and that we cannot expect a double supply of that commodity on the eve of the Sabbath, as the Israelites did of the manna in the wilderness.

A BOOK OF BLUNDERS.—The *Curiosities of Literature* has the following on that most egregious of literary blunders, the edition of the Vulgate by Sixtus V. The Pope carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press; and to the amazement of the world the work remained without a rival—is swarmed with errata. A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages, in order to give the true text. The book made a whimsical appearance with these patches; and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of papal infallibility! The copies were called in, and violent attempts made, to suppress it; a few still remain for the raptures of the Biblical collectors. At a late sale the Bible of Sixtus V. fetched above sixty guineas—not much for a mere book of blunders. The world was highly amused at the bull of the editorial Pope prefixed to the first volume, which excommunicates all printers who, in reprinting the work, should make any alteration in the text.

ADVANCED CHRISTIAN.—He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—*Ruskin.*

No finer compliment has ever been paid to a man than that of Jean Paul to his friend Weiss, when he said that, "his face was a thanksgiving for all his former life and a love-letter to all mankind."

TOO PARTICULAR ABOUT DATES.—In "Blair's Chronology," Adam and Eve are said to have been created on Friday, October 28th, 4004 B.C. This reminds us very much of some of the comments on texts of Scripture, in which the commentator finds hidden meanings no mortal but himself can possibly discover, and fixes the date of the destruction of the earth with the same minuteness Blair does the birthday of Adam and Eve. The Millerites, at Foxboro, expected the world to come to an end July 3rd, and they put on their robes and waited. But they soon discovered, as the world moved on as usual, that they had made a mistake in their ciphering.

NO SWEARING.—It was once said by a defender of the belief in eternal punishments that our belief in universal salvation has no oaths; that the worst a Unitarian can say to another man is "God bless you;" and, therefore, that when Unitarians curse or swear, they borrow their neighbours' oaths wherewith to do it. This was meant for ridicule, but the writer could not have given nobler praise. It is as he said; and the fact that it is so is another evidence that our doctrine is the same as His who said, "Swear not at all. Bless them that curse you." What would life have been, and be now, if this faith moulded and mellowed it?

BARON MASERES.—Cobbett, the celebrated politician, gave the following sketch of this Unitarian judge in 1816:—"Baron Maseres, who is eighty-five, is much younger than many men are at fifty. He performs all his duties as Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, which duties are various and important, with as much regularity and in every respect as well as he performed those of Attorney-General in Canada fifty years ago. Few men in England write or speak with more fluency, more precision, or more force; to which I add that very few indeed have acted as to politics so disinterested, or in any respect so honourable a part. There are still some worthy men left in England; and if their names should ever be collected, that of Maseres will certainly occupy a prominent place."

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